

SOME VOLUNTEER VERSE



IN PEACE



IN WAR



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Some Volunteer Verse

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COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

RIGBY WASON

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

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Preface

I TRUST many will welcome this little volume of Volunteer Verse, written by or for members of "The Devil's Own," though it is, I am afraid, very incomplete.

I wish to place on record my thanks to the various authors for the permission given me to publish their verses, and also to Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., the Proprietors of *Punch*, and Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co., for allowing me to reproduce here the two pieces, "Wigs on the Down," and "Our Last Line of Defence."

I have done my best to collect all the material available, but I feel sure that more is in existence, if it could only be unearthed. I now hope that, as so often happens on publication, manuscript may pour in on me, and can only say that I shall gratefully receive any contributions that may enable me some day to issue a second and a larger edition.

RIGBY WASON,

No. 2,306 I.C.R.V., AND No. 77 C.I.V.

SERGT. "G" (CYCLIST) Co.

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HYDE PARK, W.

March 1905.

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SOME VOLUNTEER VERSE

The Ballad of Nancy Dawson

[I am indebted for the following to Colour-Sergeant G. N. Bankes, I.T.—ED.]

[*Note*.—NANCY DAWSON (*b.* 1730, *d.* 1767), the most popular stage dancer of her time, first appeared at Sadler's Wells Theatre as Columbine, subsequently removing to Covent Garden, where, in 1759, she danced the hornpipe in "The Beggar's Opera," to the air to which the words of the following Ballad are set. The air, the authorship of which has been attributed to George Alexander Stevens, was for a long time the popular tune of the day. It was set, with variations, for the harpsichord as "Miss Dawson's Hornpipe," was introduced into Carey and Bickerstaff's "Love in a Village," and is mentioned in the epilogue to "She Stoops to Conquer." A slight variant of the opening bars is still sung by children in the game "Here we go round the Mulberry-bush."

"Nancy Dawson" was adopted as the regimental air by the Bloomsbury and Inns of Court Association at the time of the Volunteer Movement of 1803, and was revived by their successors, the Inns of Court V. R. C., on the re-establishment of the Corps in 1859. The original air and words are to be found in the British Museum.—G. N. B.]

OF all the girls in our town,
The black, the fair, the red, the brown,
That prance and dance it up and down,
There's none like Nancy Dawson ;
Her easy mien, her shape so neat,
She foots, she trips, she looks so sweet,
Her very motions are complete,
I die for Nancy Dawson.

See how she comes to give surprise,
With joy and pleasure in her eyes ;
To give delight she always tries,
So means my Nancy Dawson.

SOME VOLUNTEER VERSE

Was there no task t' obstruct the way,
 No Shuter¹ bold, no house so gay,
 A bet of fifty pounds I'd lay,
 That I gained Nancy Dawson.

See how the opera takes a run,
 Exceeding Hamlet, Lear, and Lun,²
 Though in it there would be no fun,
 Was't not for Nancy Dawson ;
 Though Beard and Brent³ charm ev'ry night
 And female Peachum's justly right,
 And Filch and Lockit⁴ please the sight,
 'Tis kept up by Nancy Dawson.

See little Davy⁵ strut and puff,
 "Confound the opera and such stuff,
 My house is never full enough,
 A curse on Nancy Dawson !"
 Though G——k he has had his day,
 And forced the town his laws t'obey,
 Now Johnny Rich⁶ is come in play
 With the help of Nancy Dawson.

¹ Edward Shuter, actor, under whose auspices Nancy Dawson first appeared at Covent Garden Theatre.

² Rich's *nom de théâtre* when appearing in pantomime.

³ Beard and Brent, the original *Macheath* and *Polly* in "The Beggar's Opera."

⁴ *Peachum*, *Filch*, and *Lockit*, characters in "The Beggar's Opera."

⁵ David Garrick.

⁶ Lessee of Covent Garden and producer of "The Beggar's Opera," which "made Gay rich and Rich gay."

Inns of Court Song

(As originally sung by the author at the Battalion Dinner in the Middle Temple Hall, 1883.)

AIR: "If you're anxious for to shine, in the high æsthetic line."
—*Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience."*

IF you're anxious for to shine in the volunteering line,
and to get promotion quick,
You must pick up all the germs of the military terms,
and plant them wide and thick;
Discuss the regulations of the Continental nations,
in a Franco-Prussian state of mind:
What that is, it doesn't matter, if you only get a patter,
of a demi-semi "Red Book" kind.
Then every one will say,
As they hear you talk away,
If this young man is so well up, in what's all Greek to me,
Why, what a very smart, and soldierly youth,
this smart young youth must be!

Chorus.—Last four lines repeated.

You'll be eloquent in praise, of the very palmy days,
now long since passed away,
And persuade me if you can, that every single man
kept half a dozen drills per day,

That the very last recruit, knows as much, and more to boot,
than the Colonel of the Corps.

Till growth stopped short, for the Inns of Court
in eighteen sixty-four.

Then every one will say,

As they hear your plaintive lay,

If that isn't good enough for him, that does pretty well for us.

Why—it's plain to see that he must be a very military kind of cuss!

Chorus.—Last four lines.

You'll procure a tunic, too, that isn't over new,
with a moth-hole here and there,

And lots of little scratches, and a multitude of patches,
in the parts exposed to wear.

Let the belt be nearly black, and loose about the back,
for fear you should get too warm,

And mind you wear a boot, calculated not to suit
the regulation lace-up form.

Then every one will say,

As they mark your strange array,

This soldierly youth's regulation togs are far from clean or new,

But what a most immeasurable quantity of drills
that shows he puts them through!

Chorus.—Last four lines.

Then a musketry passion, of the trajectory fashion,
your leading aim should be.

And you should keep with pride a now antiquated snider,
and a Henry Martini.

You will lie upon the floor, and fire snap-caps at the door,
and it would also be as well
To promenade the Strand, with your rifle in your hand,
and once or twice (during the Season) Pall Mall.

Then every one will say,
(As they gently clear over the other side of the way)
If that young man can fire that gun,
which—the very sight of the way he's holding it is enough to
frighten you or me—

Why, what a very murderously deadly shot, that bold young man must be !

Chorus.—Last four lines, omitting the patter, thus :
“ which the sight of it frightens me.”

If you ever come to drill, you'll be sure you never will, do anything
so idiotically commonplace as to stand up straight
and square,

And you'll remember how important it is at inspection to come
smartly, (and, if possible, noisily) into any given
position into which you oughtn't, in order that the
inspecting officer, and the colonel may see at a glance,
as they look down the ranks you're there.

Then you'll always look intelligently about you, for fear they should
start off marching in line, or executing any other
important or difficult manœuvre without you.

And if you've any fault to find,

When standing at attention, will be the time to mention, that, though
you made a mess of that last rear-form-company, it
was simply, and solely because the captain gave the
word of command, with such extraordinary suddenness,
that no one could possibly make out what was expected

of him, until he found himself on the wrong flank,
and a couple of paces well to the front of the man,
he ought to have been just behind.

Then every one will say,

As they see you drill this way,

If they put up with things in him, that they never would stand in me,
Why, what a most invaluable man to keep, this man must somehow be!

Chorus.—Last four lines.

N.B.—This patter takes a good deal of learning, and must go fast.

(1893 OR THEREABOUTS)

Additional verses to song,

“ The Old Banjo ”

I LATELY was prevailed upon to travel down to Richmond,
To see the “ Devil’s Own ” through their manœuvres go ;
Imagine my surprise to hear their famous band of buglers,
Accompany the Colonel on the Old Banjo.

“ Form fours. Left turn. Mustn’t have that talking :
Forward, by the left. The step’s a trifle slow.
Right wheel. As you were. My mistake, it’s left wheel.
Try and keep the cadence, to the old Banjo.”

My aunt’s estate was recently administered in Chancery ;
Before a Judge in Chambers, then we had to go.
I heard my Counsel argue an originating Summons ;
He took in “ White and Tudor ” and the Old Banjo.

“ May it please your Lordship, we’re the Plaintiff ;
We claim the whole fee simple, while my friend says ‘ No.’
But the cases all are dead against him,
As I shall show your Lordship on the Old Banjo.”

Apologia

Now, please, be very good to us,
And ask us in to stay;
For we're wandering little verses,
And we hardly know our way.

And he fidgets, he who made us up,
And frowns a nervous frown,
And he says we must apologise
For being written down.

For he never was a writer-man,
And really does not think
We look proper upon paper,
Or respectable in ink.

But he feels that we have one excuse,
And we must put it thus :
That we've found so many friends, who have
Been very kind to us ;

And he sadly fears to lose them
If we only stop and play,
Round the mess-room after dinner,
In our *viva voce* way.

For although we've faced the music
Of the Inner Temple Hall,
Yet of printer, or of publisher
We never dreamed at all.

We were born among the outposts,
We were nurtured on the tramp,
In a barrack-hut at Shorncliffe,
In the guard-tent of the camp.

In the Deer Park, or at Dover ;
In the sunshine, or the sleet ;
We were born in marching order
In our uniforms complete.

So remember, if our printed page
Looks very poor indeed,
We were only made to listen to
And never meant to read.

Yet we come to you with memories
Of merry martial times,
With the echoes of a decade
In the jangle of our rhymes.

We come to you and ask you,
For the memories we bring,
For the comradeship which cheered us
'Mid the songs you used to sing ;

We ask you to be good to us
And take us in, to stay
With the voices of the dear old Corps
Which helped us on our way.

The Ballade of the Recruiting Committee

EATERS of dinners, attention, pray ;
Students, and ye from the 'varsities,
Lend your ear to our martial lay,
Whether you've taken, or not, degrees.
Here is the way to become Q.C.'s,
Judges a-many our drills have known,
Never a Bencher but bent his knees
To shoot his class in "The Devil's Own."

Barristers all, whether young or grey,
Whose briefs are marked with substantial fees,
Drill is good for the brain, they say—
Drills like ours may be learned with ease—
Yearneth your country for minds like these.
Why should she wait when her wants are known?
Voice we simply her voiceless pleas.
Come, join the ranks of "The Devil's Own."

Brief-lorn wights, who at large display
Craft of cricket on sunlit leas,
Speed awheel, or the horseman's way,
Mariner's lore in the bright salt breeze,
Bring your skill from the sandy Tees ;
From October fields where the birds have flown,
Need remains for the eye that sees
And the hand that holds in "The Devil's Own."

ENVOI

Colonel, we catch them by twos and threes,
Bravely at length have our numbers grown ;
Send but a scare from the Seven Seas
To fill the roll of "The Devil's Own."

This verse was changed by Corporal Lloyd in 1900 to run as follows:—

Colonel, we caught them by twos and threes,
Slowly at length had our numbers grown ;
But the sound of war from the Seven Seas
Has filled the roll of "The Devil's Own."

The Recruit to his Equipment

Ask me no more. Oh, tangled phantasy!
The diagram may show the perfect shape,
With fold on fold, of great coat and of cape;
But, oh, too stiff! I cannot buckle thee.
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more. My answer is Despair.
I love not haversack, nor hard valise.
And, oh, my belt, I will not have thee squeeze—
Ask me no more, lest I should say a swear.
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more. Go! Get thy pattern sealed.
I've tried to do thee up, but tried in vain.
Here, Sergeant-Major, take it back again.
No more "full kit." My "Order" shall be "Field."
Ask me—an easier.

An Easter March

“The pleasantest thing to do, is to do of your own sweet will, that which would be the most unpleasant thing to do, if you were obliged to do it.”

—From the “*Sayings of Private Byles.*”

DOESN'T it strike you as incomprehensible,
Doesn't it seem unaccountably strange,
When you consider what seemingly sensible
Persons will suffer for sake of a change?
When you consider men spending their leisure in
Work without comfort, and toil without gain,
Playfully taking a positive pleasure in
Practices teeming with positive pain.

Year after year, as the chill winds of Easter-time
Drive o'er the downlands the dust, or the sleet,
Men with ambitions, and hopes, for at least a time,
Centre those hopes on the state of their feet.
Men who can boast neither slender, nor puny forms,
Men for whom loosely made clothes possess charms,
Dress themselves gaily in close-fitting uniforms,
Painfully tight in the chest, and the arms.

Strap on their backs, with the hardest of leather, an
Aimless arrangement of buckle, and tag,
Weirdly constructed to fasten together, an
Empty tin pot, and a shiny black bag;
Fixing below, where they're quite ungetatable,
Coats which they cannot put on in the rain,
Stowed, where with sitting they're quite incompatible,
When the detachment is caused to entrain.

Dragging on boots, which are certain to twist awry,
Toes that are tender, and heels that are raw ;
Sleeping o' nights in those problems of mystery,
Government blankets, on hardest of straw.
Sleeping? Nay, sleep in its fold may not number us,
Sleep cannot come, though we woo it with care,
While we must dodge, mid the snores of the slumberous,
Boots, if not "Razors,"¹ that fly through the air.

Why will our belt, with unfeeling asperity,
Rub a sore place on our tenderest rib?
Why will the band always play, with celerity,
Accelerando, con moto, ad lib.?
How can we march when they show such variety?
How keep in time when they hurry the runs?
How can we follow, with martial propriety,
Breath-lacking bugle-boys battened on buns?

Wherefore, likewise, when the band is quite still again,
Soothing its soul on the orange's juice,
Must that Front Four, that our cup it may fill again,
March in a manner that merits abuse.
Slowing the time to a cadence funereal,
Stretching the step to a seven-leagued stalk ;
Counting conformity quite immaterial,
Just as if out for an afternoon walk.

¹ "Razors in the Air" is a popular song in the Corps, thanks to the energy of Pte. -dw-rds.

Memory, mixed with emotions that vary, stirs
 Serious thoughts, as the scene is revealed,
Picturing sixty respectable barristers,
 Lying full length in a dirty ploughed field.
Lying full length, with the rain coming down on them,
 Prone in the mud, where much cattle hath been ;
Mud that will stick on them, thick on them, brown on them,
 Making their trousers unfit to be seen.

Think of your bed, and the trappings which lay on it,
 Think of the times you've arranged them with care,
Think of the rust on the end of your bayonet,
 Think of the sergeant who spotted it there !
Think of that shot, which you fired without meaning it,
 Think of your officer's eloquent woe ;
Think of your rifle, and see yourself cleaning it !
 Ponder, and say what induced you to go ?

Leaving the stream, that was teeming with trout for you,
 Trout which were certain to be on the feed ;
Leaving the yacht, which was just fitted out for you,
 Leaving the books you were anxious to read.
Leaving the game which you love in vacation time ;
 Leaving the bunker, the brassey, the ball ;
Why should you seek such a strange recreation-time ?
 Why ? Because somehow you like it—that's all.

The Ingenuity of Private Robinson-Jones

PRIVATE ROBINSON-JONES was a clever young man,
And he hit on a highly ingenious plan,
Both to lessen the labour, and lighten the woes
Which the duty of drilling is wont to impose.

For to roll his great coat made him pensive, and sad,
While to march in full order was really too bad ;
And especially so, when the season was June,
And he had to fall in, on a hot afternoon.

For whenever he wished to look brightest, and best,
His unspeakable belt, would ride up on his chest,
And the weight on his back of the things which he wore
Made his neck, and his shoulders unpleasantly sore.

So one year, when Inspection had caused him much pain,
He proceeded to work with his hands, and his brain,
To devise an equipment, of which every part
Would both weigh very little, and look very smart.

Thus the belt, made of canvas exceedingly thin,
Bore a bayonet cleverly stamped out of tin,
With two pouches, of quite insignificant weight,
Which a bicycle pump was required to inflate.

But each part was so finished, and coloured with care,
That no palpable flaw could be seen to be there,
And they met in appearance, without a defect,
Regulation requirements in every respect.

The valise, which was jauntily poised on his back,
Was composed of stiff paper enamelled in black ;
While the coat rolled most neatly, and fixed to the belt,
Was a thin copper cylinder covered with felt.

Then the fit of his braces was greatly admired,
Which it would not have been, if the fact had transpired,
That the straps on the shoulders, though life-like enough,
Had been painted in brown on the face of the stuff.

His new leggings, so smart in their elegant set,
Were produced from a substance called Best Leatherette,
On the surface of which were glued laces of string,
To resemble exactly the regular thing.

Nor as yet his full roll of inventions was done,
For he fashioned a fine aluminium gun,
Which in stock, lock, and barrel, though weighing a trifle,
Was modelled to match the new Government rifle.

When next summer the heat of a tropical year
Made the toils of parade most extremely severe,
Private Robinson-Jones, in his home-produced kit,
Found the rays of the sun did not harm him one bit.

But while all his companions perspired, and complained,
So serene and so tidy he always remained,
That the officer who was inspecting the corps,
Said he seldom had seen such a soldier before !

So, dear comrades in arms, whether youthful or not,
If you find your equipment both heavy, and hot,
And you've aches in your shoulders, and pains in your bones,
Do not scorn to be guided by Robinson-Jones.

Pneumatic Roller Skates

WITHIN the Inner Temple Hall had met a high conclave,
The gallant and the eloquent, the learned and the brave ;
There were judges, there were benchers, there were eminent Q.C.'s,
And generals in uniform were plentiful as bees,
Where, glittering in scarlet, and accoutrements, and lace,
The Officer Commanding the Home District took his place,
And in military splendour, with his staff on either hand,
Sat the venerated Chief of all the Forces in the Land.

Then rose up many a mighty man, and spake of many things,
Of maxim guns, of motor-cars, of shuttlecocks, of swings ;
While manifold proposals were debated on at length,
For plans to raise "The Devil's Own" to reasonable strength ;
From the motion of a bencher, which he emphasised with zeal,
For the forcible conscription of the Judges of Appeal,
To a captain's meek suggestion, that six drills should be cut off
From the necessary quantum, for the men who played at golf.

Then one moved that the equipment should be lightened, by a strap,
And another wanted feathers on the new field-service cap,
While a brigadier expressed the view, that symmetry and taste
Required a neat broad arrow on the part below the waist.
Then up there rose our last recruit, a bold recruit was he,
Nought recked he of the splendour of that martial company ;
But he said : "My Lords and Gentlemen, and Brethren of the Corps,
All these silly old suggestions have been made ten times before.

“ We have horses of a handsome kind (such horses may be hired),
We have bicycles, like Daisy, but e'en bicycles grow tired,
While signally the signallers have failed to do the trick,
And the ambulances are—harmless, for our men are never sick.
We've adopted Norfolk jackets as an elegant undress ;
We've the worst cigars in England at the Inner Temple mess !
At the music of our buglers many a valiant heart has quailed,
They have blown their very loudest—but the bugle-band has failed !

“ You think, my Lords, to win recruits, and fit them out for war
With a double-action maxim, or an armoured motor-car ;
You think the Temple Gardens should be built upon—with huts ;
You think that every bull's-eye should command a bag of nuts ;
You think the regulation canes should be enamelled blue—
You think of many foolish things ! But none of them will do.
Yet, oh, my friends ! (he shed a tear,) it is not yet too late,
For we have not yet adopted the Pneumatic Roller Skate !

“ Imagine the sensation our battalion would inspire,
When charging at twelve miles an hour, before a withering fire.
Depict the consternation that the enemy would feel,
When the colonel cries ‘ Back, Counter,’ as he turns upon his heel.
Oh, contemplate the triumph, 'mid the corpses and the blood,
When six lieutenants hand-in-hand perform the ‘ Flying-scurd,’
With the sergeants doing ‘ grape vines,’ and the men describing ‘ eights,’
As the Inns of Court advances on Pneumatic Roller Skates.

“ Then the uniform is beautiful, and practical, and chaste !
With a tightly-fitting tunic cut off close about the waist ;
While round the neck, and round the wrists—I'm sure you will concur,
We must banish scarlet facings for a pretty rim of fur ;

And the—well—continuations, are a vision of delight,
Oh, their name I will not mention, but the singular is 'tight,'
And in place of the field-service cap, of which you lately spoke,
There's a dainty thing in Astrakhan, which ladies call a toque.

"Now, to make my meaning plainer, to intelligences dense,
I have had the whole constructed, at my personal expense,
To calm the critic's carping, and to soothe the scoffer's scoff."
Here he threw his overcoat aside, and took his trousers off,
And, ere the House could realise its feelings of surprise,
He stood there in that uniform, before our very eyes,
And lifting up his tasselled boots, he fixed a skate on each,
Then he turned two nimble rocking-turns, and thus resumed his speech :

"Ah ! how daintily diversified the dull details of drill,
When each complicated movement may be ended by a spill !
Ah ! how the heart of each recruit, with ecstasy will bound,
When his talented instructor seeks acquaintance by the ground !
How each inspecting officer will shudder with delight,
As the call, 'Twice Back and Forward,' takes the place of 'Form Fours
Right' !

How brilliant the reception, that 'The Devil's Own' awaits,
As it romps down the Embankment on Pneumatic Roller Skates !

"Then each celebrated member of the famous bugle band,
Will parade in marching order, with an orange in each hand ;
They are not for the colonel's horse, when overcome with thirst,
Not for whistles that are weary, nor for bellows that are burst.
They are not for the officers, who find it hard to speak,
Nor to help the Sergeant-Major, when his voice is growing weak.
No ! they are for the companies to circle round in eights,
When the drills begin in Lincoln's Inn, on patent Roller Skates.

“Oh! the Skating Club will muster, with a roll extremely long,
And the Wimbledon contingent will be wonderfully strong,
And Teddington, and Neasden will prepare themselves for war,
And the Harp of Wales will ring, To arms! o’er Hendon’s reservoir,
And the urchins that manœuvre down Bell Yard, or Carey Street,
Will learn to join the buglers, and wear skates on *both* their feet;¹
While, if it is deemed wise to further amplify my plan,
Why, the ladies from Niagara will join us like one man.

“Then up and buy ten thousand pairs, you will not lack for men,
You will count recruits by thousands, when you count them now by ten;
For the nation’s eye is on you, and the nation’s heart appeals,
To the pioneers of progress upon indiarubber wheels.
For the mounted infantry will burn with envy in their souls,
And the bicycle division will be punctured into holes;
For when the bugles blow Retreat, the men will bless their fate,
And the party who suggested the Pneumatic Roller Skate.”

¹ An allusion to the small office boys who are constantly to be seen in Bell Yard and Carey Street, with one roller skate on only.

The Temptation of Colour-Sergeant N.¹

BENIGNANT Colour-Sergeant N.,
Was idolised by all his men,

His one ambition was to be
The Father of his Company.

He deemed it more than martial praise,
To know each private's little ways;

He held it more than rank, or fame,
To call them by their Christian name,

To learn what games they liked to play,
And note their ages to a day.

If on parade they had to go,
Think you he sent them postcards? No.

He counted it his place to call
Upon his charges one and all;

Hear of their hopes, their aims, their grief,
The details of their latest brief,

¹ It is an open secret that Colour-Sergeant N. is a pen-portrait of Colour-Sergeant H. H. Br-w-ll, "A" Co., I.T.

The tales of their domestic joys,
The stories of their little boys,

And so persuade their wavering will,
To leave their homes and come to drill.

And then, when to parade they came,
His attitude was still the same.

He'd strap their coats upon their backs,
He'd buckle on their haversacks,

Their bottles fix, their leggings lace,
Seeing that each was in its place,

With regulation length of flap
Draped where the trousers overlap.

Thus all were most correctly dressed ;
None girt his mess-tin on his chest :

No private at inspection wore
His helmet hinder-side before,

Nor marched in action at reviews,
In crimson socks, and tennis shoes.

In short, there drilled no smarter men,
Than those of Colour-Sergeant N.

But chiefly 'twas at Easter-tide,
His tenderest traits were fully tried.

His pouches and valise were stored
With trifles, that the men adored,

With oranges "like wine" to taste,
And sandwiches of bloater-paste.

And sausages, and cigarettes,
And useful things which one forgets.

And if the day was cold and damp
He'd light his little spirit lamp,

And with it make when at the halt,
(Nor did he once omit the salt),

For each man in his Company,
A good, strong cup of hot beef tea.

Or if through heat and dust they marched,
When brows were burnt, and throats were parched,

He'd serve out spoonfuls cool, and nice,
Of concentrated lemon-ice.

If weary at the close of day
On rough hard straw they restless lay,

He'd smooth the blankets for their beds,
And bring them nightcaps for their heads,

And read, the while his watch he kept,
The "Red Book" to them till they slept.

Thus years, and years, and years had sped,
Heaping new blessings on his head,

Till Time in its allotted span
Produced a most insidious plan,

To drag from his beloved men,
Their faithful Colour-Sergeant N.

The trap was set by envious Fate ;
A Queen's commission was the bait,

A glittering sword, a smart new suit,
The right to every man's salute,

A respite from the galling load
By Wallace and by Slade bestowed.

In sooth the lure was featly laid ;
What wonder if his fancy strayed

Through vistas of promotion, dear
To every ardent volunteer !

What wonder, if his heart was stirred
To perpetrate the fearful word,

Which falling from his eager pen,
Would seal his lot " Lieutenant N. " !

But as he sat in act to write,
His well-thumbed " Red Book " met his sight,

And all those fancies melted fast
In memories of the happy past,

And thronging thoughts throbbed through his brain,
Fraught with their pensive loads of pain.

"What boots a proud commissioned rank
If drill must prove a dreary blank?

"Is it not all in all to me,
To stand before my company,

"And know, as each dear name I call,
That I have dressed them one and all,

"Have fixed together all their traps,
Have buttoned up their shoulder-straps,

"And made them fit to play their part
In manner soldier-like, and smart?

"How could I face those sad recruits
Perplexed by undesired salutes?

"How reassure my wondering men
As haughty, stern Lieutenant N.?

"Nor can it be that never more
Their tidiness I may restore,

"Nor share their every joy or woe,
Nor show them how their chin-straps go,

“Nor make them happy when they weep,
Nor read them tenderly to sleep?

“This offer is most kindly meant,
But, ah ! I cannot give assent.

“Let comfort, rank, promotion go !
My simple answer must be ‘No.’”

Thus faithful Colour-Sergeant N.
Still drills, adored by all his men,

Still loves his leading four to guide,
Still cossets them at Easter-tide,

And still for years and years will be,
The Father of his Company.

The Colonel and the Adjutant

(In Camp, Old Deer Park, Richmond)

THE rain was raining on the grass,
Raining with all its might;
It did its worst to make the view
Look anything but bright.
And this was odd, for it was June,
And summer at its height.

The cows were drinking in the pond,
But, ere the day was done,
Comes Debus and the Debusites;
They cock their tails and run—
“To-night we drink a sergeant’s oath,”
They said, “It will be fun!”

The colonel, and the adjutant
Were walking hand in hand,
They smiled like anything to hear
The bugling of the band.
“If we could only blow like that,”
They said, “It would be grand!”

"If seven Births, with seven squads
Taught us for half a year,
Do you suppose," the colonel said,
"That we could blow so clear?"
"I doubt it," said the adjutant,
And shed a bitter tear.

"Oh, privates, come and drill with us,"
The colonel did beseech,
"A pleasant drill, battalion drill,
Much smartness it will teach.
We cannot drill with less than six
One company to each."

The non-commissioned officers
Were eager for parade,
Their heads were bald, their tunics old,
Their trousers were decayed.
They cursed the complicated kit
Of Wallace, and of Slade.

The sergeants and the corporals
Came flocking by the score,
Upon their muscular right arms
Full many stripes they wore,
And thick and fast they came at last
And more, and more, and more.

“Fall in,” the sergeant-major cried,
The bugles bugulèd,
But never a single private came,
And thus the colonel said :
“They do not choose, O Adjutant,
To leave their strawy bed.”

The oldest sergeant winked his eye,
He knew that drill was done.
“Now smartly, privates, double up !”
But answer came there none,
Nor was this odd, for they had been
Promoted—every one !

Battalion Orders

PROMPT to the time which had been set
The officers in council met,
Prompt to the hour the major came,
Promptly the captains did the same,
Promptly the colonel took the chair,
And all the subalterns were there,
A model for the corps to see
Of martial punctuality.
"Bear with me, friends," the chief began,
"And pay, with all the care you can,
Attention, while I render clear
The reasons for our meeting here.
Week after week, as you're aware,
We fabricate, with loving care,
And wealth of military lore,
Battalion Orders for the Corps.
Week after week, as well you know,
To every man those orders go,
With stores of information, pent
In paragraphs convenient.
Yet week by week I sadly fear,
From rumours that assail my ear,
That, though received as I have said,
Those weekly orders are not read!
Now, friends, your colonel ought to know,
Disguise it not ; can this be so ?

Say, comrades, I appeal to you."
The captains murmured: "It is true."
The major with averted face
Scarce breathed the words: "It is the case."
The subalterns on tears intent,
In silent sadness gave assent.
"What can the thankless privates want?"
Complained the acting adjutant.
"Those phrases which each week we choose
Convey most interesting news.
The sentences are crisp and clear
To soothe the mind, and charm the ear,
With choice expressions sweetly graced
To meet the most exacting taste;
While, judged by rules of syntax, all
Are frequently grammatical.
In short, their composition shows
A masterpiece of modern prose."
As thus he closed, with modest pride,
"Ay, prose," a young lieutenant sighed,
Who, softly rising from his chair,
Swept back his locks of ebon hair.
(For, though his form was straight and strong,
It must be owned his hair was long.)
"Ay, prose," said he, "that word should show
The anodyne for all your woe.
Your prose has failed you every time,
Then make your weekly orders rhyme!
Your prose is cold, and crude, and terse,
Then write your orders out in verse!
Your prose avails not, as you see,
Then rise to height of poesy!"

At this his eye began to roll
 And, snatching from his breast a scroll,
 "Colonel," he cried, "away with fear,
 For lo! your troubles disappear.
 Here is the remedy you seek,
 Here are your orders for the week;
 Then cast your care upon the shelf,
 I made these orders up myself;
 Perpend the ripple of their rhymes
 A pattern for all future times."

* * * *

"Attend, ye fourteenth Middle-sex!
 'De minimis non curat Lex,'
 Mark well your orders every one
 Prepared for the battalion.
 Peruse them with observant eye
 'Lex summa salus Populi.'"

I.

"*Recruit Drill Daily.* What a thought!
 Daily the new recruit is taught
 To fit him for a future fight,
 And know his left hand from his right.
 Daily he comprehends with care
 That mystic watchword, 'As you were.'
 Daily he learns with dubious knees
 How hard it is to stand at ease.
 Come, short and tall! Come, fat and lean!
 At one p.m. or four-fifteen;
 To Lincoln's Inn in numbers haste
 With leathern straps about your waist,

Till, trained at length, you cease to fear
The task of forming to the rear,
Nor fail to find, whate'er the cause,
When ranks are changed, your proper fours."

II.

"Where hill-top towers of Harrow's town
O'er summer fields look greyly down,
Now blends the lark his carol blythe
With tinkling of the whetted scythe,
Nor fears the waggoner to lead
His laden wain across the mead,
Where stalwart swain, and sun-browned lass
Toss the lush swaths of fragrant grass,
For now no more above the trees
Our blood-red banner braves the breeze,
Flaunting its tale of danger near
To simple sheep, or errant steer.
No more the maiden targets tell
Another miss to Private L.,
Nor how that Sergeant R. may cull
The white flower of a blameless 'bull.'
No longer toward the mantlet's face
The whistling bullets rip, and race.
No more the rapid rifles ring—
The range is closed for hay-making!"

III.

"At Eastertide our well-trained corps
Marched to the fields of bloodless war.
Their coats were strapped upon their backs,
Their kit was stowed in little sacks

Packed tightly in a bolster shape,
And tied around the neck with tape.
Now many a week has passed away
Since bronzed, but scathless from the fray
Our gallant men marched back again ;
Yet after search, but search in vain
This dreadful truth the staff has learned,
Two kit-bags have not been returned !
Soldiers, reflect, and you will see
This is not as it ought to be !
Those humble kit-bags represent
The property of Government,
(Though bought, and paid for by the corps)
They swell your country's martial store.
No matter then how small their cost,
No kit-bags ever must be lost ;
And though they bear, 'mid dust and dirt,
Your boots, your socks, your flannel shirt,
They must not to the wash be sent ;
But bring them back, and be content
To think that, though not over clean,
They are the kit-bags of the Queen."

IV.

" Oh ! Private X. (five nine six eight),
How high thy lot, how blest thy fate !
The happy day has dawned at length
When you are taken on the strength,
Posted for all the world to see,
As follows :—' To " A " Company.'
Preserve this record of your name,
And place it in a golden frame,

This title of exalted pride
Conspicuously beautified,
That glad posterity may scan,
'The undermentioned gentleman.' "

* * * *

The rhyming ceased. There fell a pause.
The poet panted for applause.
But silence settled, save from where
Seated serenely in his chair,
Of military cares bereft
The colonel slept.—The rest had left.

The Latest Peace-maker

IN the year of Grace 2000, the authorities of war,
Served out the latest rifle to a certain famous corps,
And the colonel drew a notice up in language plain, and clear,
That the musketry instructor was appointed to appear,
And to lecture on the merits of that very novel gun,
On Thursday nights at half-past eight, on Saturdays at one.
Yes, he drew that notice plainly, with a firm, unflinching pen,
Then he published it in Orders—to conceal it from the men.

But the musketry instructor was a man of ready wit,
And he called to him the adjutant, who also knew a bit,
And they swore an oath between them, in a manner stern and dread,
That, in face of every precedent, those Orders should be read!
So they printed right across them, "Don't read this," in scarlet ink,
And they sent them out in sweetly scented envelopes of pink.
And the consequences were that every member of the corps
Perused them, as no Orders had been e'er perused before.

On Thursday night the musketry instructor took his stand,
With that epoch-making rifle lightly poised within his hand,
While before him, to the farther walls, with expectation mute,
Spread a mass of legal intellects, abnormally acute.
"Now, gentlemen, before you," so the lecturer began,
"Is the most ingenious weapon that was ever made by man;
And to prove that in my statements of deception there is none,
I will turn up both my coat sleeves, and will show you how it's done,

"First the barrel is convertible ; you change it at your wish
To a billiard-cue, a tent-pole, or a rod for catching fish ;
While for men of Scottish origin, who recreation seek,
'Tis a never-failing niblick, or a creditable cleek.
Then the stock, if kept in order in a reasonable way,
Is equally adapted to the needs of every day ;
You may use it, by the exercise of ordinary care,
For a bedstead, or a chest of drawers, a sponge-bath or a chair.

"Then I turn a little handle, on the diagram marked 'B,'
And produce two nice warm blankets, and a pot for making tea ;
Or, by pressing pennies in the slot denominated 'Q,'
A cooking apparatus is at once exposed to view ;
While the contents of the part marked 'X' are varied in their scope,
There's a pair of ammunition boots, a tooth-brush, and some soap,
A pair of socks, a night cap, and a knitted under-vest—
In fact, *you* press the button, and the rifle does the rest.

"Then, to go a trifle further, I must indicate with pride
That the cravings of the inner man have not been set aside ;
For within the complicated mechanism of the breech
There's a little box of lozenges—I pass one round to each—
Now the merits of these jujubes is most easily explained,
For the juice of seven oxen in each lozenge is contained.
They will prove a perfect substitute for sandwiches, or chops,
And we advertise them widely as our patent 'Buffalo Drops.'

"Then the magazine's divisions have been accurately set
To retain the perfect flavour of the messroom cigarette,

While the pouches are constructed to hold fifty at the least,
Of our celebrated threepenny, called 'High Life in the East.'
Nor need you fear lest cigarettes, or brushes, socks, and boots
On the action of the rifle may impede the man who shoots,
For, when Parliament assembles, it will promptly be proposed
That, for reasons of economy, all ranges must be closed.

"So, for musketry instruction, a new drill has been designed,
That is readily remembered by the intellectual mind.
At the word 'One' you lift your gun; at 'Two' you let it drop;
Then you breathe a simultaneous breath, and every man says 'Pop.'
Now, for independent firing, regulations such as these,
To minds of high intelligence, commend themselves with ease;
But to fire a volley smartly, as a volley should be fired,
Considerable practice is most certainly required.

"And this drill will prove quite ample should hostilities befall,
For the bullets are innocuous, they are so very small;
And the Continental armies, who might land upon our shores,
Have all been armed with rifles, that have even smaller bores.
So the list of killed and wounded will be settled on by lot,
And the ambulance will see them home before a round is shot;
And the European Concert will send umpires of resource,
Who will faithfully adjudicate the fortunes of each force.

"But the Quartermaster-Sergeant will regret those days of yore,
Before his post was turned into a bloated sinecure.
He will heave a sigh full often for those Easter times so dear,
When his head was full of kippers, and the measuring of the beer.

For the baggage-waggon joins the train of those whose day is done,
When every man is carrying his kit inside his gun;
Or, better still, each section, with a spanner and a screw,
Can change theirs into motor-cars,—that they may carry you.

“So take this rifle with you, friends, wherever you may roam,
You will find that it will furnish all the comforts of a home;
It will never be a worry, never cause domestic strife;
You may let your children play with it, or lend it to your wife;
You will find it fully fitted for each age, or race, or clime,
For its versatile variety will get there, every time.
And, when all its points are mastered, every thought of war must cease,
And posterity will prize it, as the panoply of peace.”

We are Seven

(A Legend of the Might Have Been.)

AN aged man—
A modest private still,
Who feels a bone in every limb,
What should it know of drill?

I met an ancient volunteer,
He was eighty odd, he said,
His whiskers' curls were sparse and sere,
None clustered on his head.

He had a strange, and legal mien,
And he was wildly clad :
His uniform had once been clean,
His helmet made me sad.

"Of rank and file, my bold recruit,
How many may you be?"
He stooped, and buttoned up his boot,
And answered : "Seven are we."

"And where may your six comrades dwell?"
I said. He answered : "Sir,
Two joined the Fourth, two went to swell
The Queen's, at Westminster.

"One yearned for kilts, and doffed his trews
To list the pibroch's chime,
They all ride horses at reviews—
They could not march in time."

"O, ancient man, your legal mind
May make this clear to you,
But still, if *five* of you resigned,
You can't be more than *two*."

"Where the grass grows thin in Lincoln's Inn,"
The aged man replied,
"Nine times a year, when the sky was clear,
We stood up side by side.

"And often, when the Courts are slack,
And it is bright and fair,
I take my little haversack,
And eat my luncheon there.

"One hundred strong, battalion state,
Obeyed our chief's command,
Our officers were thirty-eight,
And fifty-five were band.

"Six privates on Inspection day
Three ranks (with ropes) displayed;
The bugle band in dense array,
Completed the parade.

"But one would none of sword or gun,
A flag was all he craved.
The verdict was—'He passed'—because
His life on earth was waived."

"Then he is dead," I sadly said,
"I hope he went to heaven."
But still you say that, on this day
Your rank and file are seven.

"Five are lieutenant-colonels now,
One's gone, we hope, to heaven."
'Twas throwing words away, for still
The ancient man would have his will,
And murmured, as he went to drill,
"Your silly verses make me ill,
I tell you—We are Seven."

To his Captain

From one, who, having erstwhile deserted the calling of the Law, is precluded by the exigencies of commerce in a foreign land, from duly performing his wonted military duties at the season of Easter.

PARIS, *Easter* 1895.

DEAR CAPTAIN,

I write this with sorrow,
I pen this poor paper with pain ;
For me the details for to-morrow
Will issue, but issue in vain.
As a voice to the deaf they are idle
As a light to the blind they are lit,
For necessity knoweth no bridle,
No Devil a bit.

Yet again there is in me a yearning,
For a love long bewrayed and bereft.
"Go, march in the legions of learning !
Go, lend what another has left."
For her wig, and her gown, I could spare them,
But her helmet, and tunic were dear,
But I vowed to the Law I would wear them
One week in each year.

But Our Lady of Profits is jealous,
She speaks, and she must be obeyed.
She scorneth the zeal of the zealous,
The orders a rival hath made.
Her behests wax more bitter, and bolder,
She won't let me sleep on the floor,
And she won't let me have on my shoulder
The Arms of the Law.

From the drill that is kept in the drilling,
From the blessed relief from the belt,
When that which is in it is filling
The part where the pressure is felt,
From the sun which should scorch me, and burn me,
From the burden of Wallace, and Slade,
I must turn me to her, I must turn me,
Our Lady of Trade.

Do they tell me an eyelid is shaken?
Do they say it is plain at a glance,
That the "Lilies" of Eton awaken
Less joy than the "Roses" of France?
Well, let me express myself clearly,
That I'm very much vexed and annoyed,
And I beg to remain, yours sincerely,

LANCE-CORPORAL LLOYD.

The Sons of the Devil's Own

Words by H. S. M. Music by H. S. T-K.

WE'LL drink a toast before we part,
Come, fill your glasses ; fill them a bumper,
It's one that's dear to every heart ;
So raise a cheer, a thumper.
For who can boast so fine a toast,
Dull care away be flinging,
And join with me in "three times three,"
And set the rafters ringing.

Chorus.

So clink your glasses, drain them dry,
And cheer, cheer, cheer ;
For the toast we drink can never die,
So cheer, cheer, cheer.
It's a link that will last for Auld Lang Syne,
And live, though the years have flown ;
Then here's to the boys of the thin grey line,
The Sons of the Devil's Own.

Good luck be ours year out, year in,
At scouting, sentry go, and shooting ;
Each year the King's at Bisley win,
May our sergeants boom recruiting.

May every man a marksman be,
And drill with skill infernal ;
And last, not least, good comrades we
From raw recruit to colonel.

(Chorus as before.)

And some there be whose time is done,
But our memories shall not falter,
For the welcome here from every one
They'll find will never alter ;
For though the years be rolling o'er,
And our paths in life may sever,
The men in the past who made the corps,
Are the men we'll toast for ever.

(Chorus as before.)

[First sung Parkhouse Camp, Whitsuntide 1904.]

Jimmy in the Corps, Boys

AIR : "Jimmy on the Chute."—*From "A Gaiety Girl."*

Words and music by HARRY GREENBANK.

Proprietor, GEORGE EDWARDES.

LITTLE JIMMY was a lawyer, and
His aptitude was such,
That his parents and preceptors were
Afraid he'd know too much.
So they went to Sergeant Br-w-ll,
Who is learned in the law,
And he advised them promptly
Jimmy ought to join the corps.

Jimmy in the corps, boys ; won't he have a time,
Going as a soldier? What a pantomime !
Lots of beer, and skittles, that is what he thought,
Quite a wrong impression of the Inns of Court.

The prelimin'ries were tedious,
But he finished them at length,
And in due course he got posted,
And was taken on the strength.
He went to learn his drilling
On the grass at Lincoln's Inn,
In a frock coat and a high hat,
With the street boys on the grin.

Jimmy in the corps, boys, really was sublime,
Taking tips on rifles, learning marking time ;
Tried to do the goose step, just as Fr-l-y taught,
Want to be a credit to the Inns of Court.

And next he paid a visit
To a shop in Maiden Lane,
Where there's no undue extravagance,
But honest goods and plain;
He was measured and was fitted,
And the uniform looked well!
When his parents saw him in it
They remarked—well, need I tell?

Jimmy in his clothes, boys, wasn't he sublime?
Tight about the collar, that will ease in time;
Trousers rather long, sir, better long than short;
That's the way we cut them for the Inns of Court.

Now Jimmy on his first parade
Was such a pretty sight;
But somehow that equipment
He didn't get it right.
Said the adjutant: "You'd better push
That mess-tin round about."
Said Jimmy: "I have put it here
To get the bullets out."

Jimmy in the corps, boys, had a bright idea;
Wore his overcoat just like a bandolier.
H-pk-ns put him right though, rolled it trim and taut,
Made him like the others in the Inns of Court.

Now Jimmy in the course of time
Became like other men,
Though not so very often,
He'd be drilling now, and then.

He was always just efficient
With his drills and shooting done,
But he didn't get promotion,
Though he got a lot of fun.

Jimmy in the corps, boys, happy as could be,
Found a lot of comrades, pals, and friends, you see,
From private up to colonel, each a real good sort,
All of them a credit to the Inns of Court.

But he sang impromptu verses,
What a silly thing to do !
I shouldn't care to do that
Any more I hope would you,
And nobody was sacred from his
Topics every night,
For any little errors he
Would drag into the light.

Jimmy in the corps, boys, used to sing a song,
Something about Simpson, something about Bhong ;
Simple sort of satire only meant in sport.
Hope they will excuse it in the Inns of Court.

[First sung Bisley, Easter 1902.]

Court and Camp

or

The Fighting Lawyers of Three Centuries

Written by F. C. NORTON, of Lincoln's Inn, and the I.C.R.V.

The Music composed by ARTHUR H. D. PRENDERGAST, of the Inner Temple, sometime of the I.C.R.V., and Honorary Conductor of the Bar Musical Society's Choir.

I.

FROM the fighting days of good Queen Bess,
 Right down to the present day, sir,
 Whenever the country's got into a mess
 We lawyers have joined in the fray, sir :
 So here's a toast that we all may drink—
 Th' Armada and good Queen Bess, sir !¹

Chorus.—The Armada and good Queen Bess, sir !
Symphony.—"Rule Britannia."

N.B.—(The symphony after each verse consists of a quotation from a well-known and appropriate air, the title of which is always indicated.)

¹ In 1584, Deeds of Association were signed by the members of the Inns of Court, pledging themselves to protect Queen Elizabeth, by force of arms if necessary, from the designs of the Pope, the Spaniards, and the Guises (see Camden's "Annals of Elizabeth" Edition Kennet, 1719, p. 499. Lincoln's Inn "Black Book," vol. i., p. 459. *I.T. Records*, vol. i., p. 476. *Egerton Papers*, Camden Society, xii. 108.)

Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh were both members of the Inner Temple. Sir Philip Sidney was a member of Gray's Inn.

II.

When Oliver strove with the Cavaliers,
And laid them out on the shelves, sir,
We most of us fought for Oxford town,
And we some of us fought for ourselves, sir:
So here's a toast that we all may drink—
Rex Carolus and Old Noll, sir! ¹

Chorus.—Rex Carolus and Old Noll, sir!

Symphony.—"In Good King Charles's Golden Days,"
or "The Vicar of Bray."

III.

To Billy the Dutchman at The Hague
A letter we did indite, sir,
But as King Jamie ran away
"Wha the de'il" could we then fight, sir?
So here's a toast that we all may drink—
King William and King James, sir! ²

Chorus.—King William and King James, sir!

Symphony.—"Here's a health unto His Majesty."

¹ The commission of Edward, Lord Littleton, Lord Keeper, to raise a Regiment from the Inns of Court for the defence of Oxford, was signed by the King XXI^o Die Maig A^o R. R. Caroli XX^o (Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors," vol. ii., p. 604. Ed. 1845.) The Royalist Commutation Papers at the Record Office show that several barristers served until the capitulation of the City. A Troop of Horse of the Inns of Court is also mentioned by Lady Sussex in writing to Sir R. Verney, as marching through St. Albans (see a copy of her letter in the Drill Hall.) Lord Falkland and Lord Clarendon on the one side, and Cromwell, Ireton, Whitelock, and Lambert on the other, were all members of Inns of Court, so too was Colonel (afterwards Baron) Rigby, who assisted in the defence of Latham House.

² A petition from the Inns of Court is stated in more than one history to have been amongst the invitations sent to William of Orange. The State Papers for the period have not, however, yet been indexed, so that it is not possible to ascertain whether the petition still exists. The subsequent reception by King William of the Barristers, headed at the age of 91 by Sergeant Maynard, is recorded in Burnett's "Annals," book iii.

IV.

When the Scotch to Derby came on tramp
(Then Hogarth was alive, sir),
With the *Guards* we marched to Finchley Camp
In the days of the *Forty-five*, sir :
So here's a toast that we all may drink—
To Pretender and to King, sir ! ¹

Chorus.—To Pretender and to King, sir !

Symphony.—"The British Grenadiers."

V.

When from Boulogne sly *Nap* looked out
Across the waters blue, sir,
We greeted him with a jovial shout,
And we learnt our drill anew, sir :
So here's a toast that we all may drink—
Napoleon and Great George, sir ! ²

Chorus.—Napoleon and Great George, sir !

Symphony.—"La Marseillaise."

VI.

And when of late South Afric's soil
The clouds of war o'erspread, sir,
Our fellows shared the common toil—
Some lived, and some are dead, sir :

¹ In 1745, when the Young Pretender was marching on Derby, a regiment of volunteers was organised amongst the lawyers by Lord Chief Justice Willes for the defence of the King's person (see Foss's "Judges of England.") This regiment is stated in an article in the number for November 1886, of the *United Service Magazine*, to have joined the camp at Finchley. Hogarth's picture of the march of the Guards to Finchley is well known.

² The lawyers formed two Corps in 1803, the Legal Association and the Bloomsbury and Inns of Court Association. It was to the former of these that George III. stood Godfather when he named it "The Devil's Own."

So now we'll *silently* drink to those
Their lives who freely shed, sir!¹

Symphony.—"The Dead March in *Saul*," during which
all drink in silence.

VII.

And so all along till time shall end,
And whether on sea or shore, sir,
Our country's cause we will defend—
So here's to the King and the Corps, sir!
'Tis a right good toast for the Inns of Court—
King Edward and the Corps, sir!

Chorus.—King Edward and the Corps, sir!

Symphony.—"God Save the King."

¹ A number of members of the Inns of Court Rifles volunteered for active service in South Africa; the majority with the C.I.V., and others with the I.Y. In addition, many barristers also went to the front with the Militia and various Volunteer Service Companies. The list of those who died includes the names of Capt. E. J. Gibbons, Pte. E. A. Dawson, Pte. T. G. Humphry, Pte. E. F. Green, of the C.I.V.; Lieut. L. Chichester and Lieut. H. D. Spratt, of the Imperial Yeomanry.

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah

These lines, with a different chorus, were sung at the Dartmoor Manœuvres, 1873, on the march. The weather for the first few days was extremely bad.

I.

TRAMP, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, along we go,
Through the pouring rain and wet,
But we won't fall out just yet,
But still go marching on.

Singing glory, glory, hallelujah,¹ etc.

II.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, along we go,
Though the food the cooks supplied
We had to bury with a spade²
We still go marching on.

Singing glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

¹ A popular version of this chorus runs as follows:—

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
D'yer see the devil coming to yer,
He will run his pitchfork through yer
If you don't keep marching on.

² Owing to the use of an unsuitable cooking apparatus the dinners had to be buried on more than one occasion, and the canteen trusted to (when there was one), or recourse had to Miss Robinson's coffee and bun carts, when there was not.

III.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, along we go,
And the boys who've been on guard
Must be feeling pretty bad
But they still go marching on.

Singing glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

IV.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, along we go,
And Tommy Doolan's corns¹
Are aching each by turns
Yet he still goes marching on.

Singing glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

V.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, along we go,
And we'd all the better be
For a quiet cup of tea,
Yet we must go marching on.

Singing glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

¹ For Tommy Doolan substitute "Old Drum Major," "the Quarter-Master," the "Sergeant-Major," or any other functionary who is for the time unpopular and out of hearing. Being in 1873 a provisional battalion, these personages were then not our own people.

VI.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, along we go,
Through the pouring rain and wet
Till we've done the task we're set
We will still go marching on.

Singing glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

Wigs on the Down¹

[Lines written in honour of the recent "emergency camp" of the Inns of Court ("Devil's Own") on Perham Down, illustrating the supreme advantage of education and individual intelligence in a private soldier, as freely demonstrated in the Transvaal War. The system which is the subject of these lines has since been greatly modified.]

"SOLDIER, soldier, from Salisbury Plain,
Seared with the battle's feigned alarms,
How have they taxed your legal brain?
What have you learned of the lore of arms?"

"I have learned to clean utensils, I can rinse a stewing-pan,
I can black my fighting boots and scrub a floor,
I can wash a sickly haddock like a self-respecting man,
I have mastered (in a word) the art of war."

"Barrister, barrister, come from the camp,
Man of intelligence, gently bred,
Trained in the school of the midnight lamp,
How have you learned to use your head?"

"I can air my frugal blanket at the crowing of the lark,
I can polish up my basin till it shines,
I can grub for rotting refuse from reveille on to dark
As I scavenge, scavenge, scavenge down the lines."

¹ From *A Harvest of Chaff* (by kind permission of Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co.). Originally published in *Punch*, September 5th, 1900.

“Chancery junior, back from the field,
How have you fared in the well-wrought trench?
What are your lessons like to yield
Brought to a test by the raiding French?”

“I can lay my kit in detail in an Army-pattern row,
I can put it out and pack it up again;
Which is always useful knowledge when you come to face the foe
And it hardly causes any mental strain.”

“Q.C., Q.C., fresh from the fray,
What of the last strategic views?
What do you know of the war-game’s way,
Feint and cover and counter-ruse?”

“I can shoot at restful objects (when the sergeant gives the range)
I can recognise a front attack at sight,
I can even look for cover, though you mustn’t make a change
In your regulation distance from the right!”

“Gentlemen Templars, gallants all,
Stout-heart Lincolns, and English Grays,
Eager to serve at your country’s call,
What have you learned these fourteen days?”

“We have learned to slice a rasher, we have played the (Oxford) scout,
We have plied the menial muck-rake with the best,
We have lost superfluous tissue (we are nothing like so stout)
And our brains have had a pure and perfect rest!”

Our Last Line of Defence, if not Defiance¹

[Being the views of a Private of the Inns of Court Volunteers.]

"LIGHTS OUT!" rang our bugles; the weather was drizzly,
And deep lay the dark round the Devil his Own,
As we flung ourselves down on our bedding at Bisley—
The sleepy to slumber, the wakeful to groan.

I could hear the low curse of the Common Law sentry,
Our shield from the peril that prowleth by night,
As I dozed with my section of militant gentry
In skirmishing order, undressed by the right.

With a smile on my conscience—the outcome of duty—
And blisters that burned at the back of my heel,
I evoked recollections of laughter and beauty
In scenes where I once had a succulent meal.

And I thought of the dear ones that urged me to spare a
Brief respite of leisure from legal routine
For a cursory trip to the blue Riviera
Or Fontainebleau's woods at the first of the green.

Had I carelessly yielded to feminine clamour
And placed before England's my personal gain,
I could now have been basking in Italy's glamour
Or haunting the splendid Alhambra (in Spain).

¹ From *A Harvest of Chaff* (by kind permission of Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co.).
Originally published in *Punch*, March 26th, 1902.

But my ear had been closed to the voice of the charmer,
My breast was as basalt, my will like a rock ;
I would up with my rifle and on with my armour
And out on the warpath at six of the clock.

For I thought, "What if France, at the Easter vacation,
With Ministers loafing in various lands,
Should arrive overnight, and from Cannon Street station
Ask London at breakfast to hold up her hands ?

"But, if only they hear that our corps is in fettle
Scarce thirty miles off from their line of retreat,
They will certainly shrink from essaying the mettle
Of us who have never acknowledged defeat.

"Yet 'tis we that Officials regard as a burden,
A raw, ineffective, civilian police ;
They would stint us and starve us, forgetting the guerdon
Rome gave to her loyal, if amateur, geese."

* * * * *

So I dreamed till the blast of the blatant reveille ;
Then rose from my pallet, one uniform ache,
And repaired to parade with a vacuous beille
For England and home and my honour at stake.

Easter 1892

A Lay of Corporal H—rt (with his permission)

You want to hear a story. Well, it's partly false and true,
Of the Inns of Court on outpost work at Easter 'ninety-two :
We paraded at half-past three, told off and stood at ease,
While Quarter-Master R—d—ll served the rations of bread and
cheese.

We marched out from our quarters, and made the nurse maids
stare

So often as we kept in step to the brazen bugles' blare.

The mounted men dared not to come, in case their steeds should
tire ;

Though one or two had brought their own, the rest were out on
hire.

We scaled the dizzy heights whence the Castle grimly frowns,
And halted then to take a breath on the top of Dover Downs.

McGu—re had been that road before, and fearing to be late

Had driven in a one-horse shay, guaranteed to carry weight.

When near St. Margaret's village the light was failing fast,

Yet none amongst us trembled, and no man stood aghast,

With his bayonet in its scabbard, and no cartridge in his pouch,

Though foes by every ditch and hedge might crawl, and creep, and
crouch.

Where the frost-nipped grass was greenest there left us Captain
Gl—n

As he rode off in the gloaming with his lantern flashing men.

O'er pathless plough we plodded, our post a mud-washed farm ;
Ere telling off the sentries to keep the folk from harm,
In words of heart-felt passion thus spake our Captain B—ss :
"Beware of rural maidens and eschew their rustic kiss :
Halt every one that lingers, nor let her pass the line
Unless in answer to your call she gives the countersign.
A rest for weary travellers lies close upon the right,
Now who will lead a patrol to that hostelry to-night ?"
His words were hardly ended, from our serried ranks did dart
With a smile beneath his eye-glass clean shaven Corporal H—rt.
"Lo ! I will lead the patrol, and press through thick and thin,
Nor sleet nor snow, nor shot nor shell, can keep me from that
inn.

With prudence and with caution I will lead the gallant band,
As a constable may take an ancient dame across the Strand."
The patrol scarce had started when a captain of the Second
(Middlesex)

Barred all their further progress in a way they had not reckoned :
He bade them to return, smiled at their numbers few,
H—rt grasped the situation and proceeded to argue !
First motion day of sittings he threatened to apply
For leave to shoot the captain unless he let him by.
The fight was fast and furious, but H—rt stuck to his gun ;
The tongue was stronger than the sword, and soon the corporal
won.

How fared the keen-tongued corporal—I was not there to tell,
Yet all of us who stopped behind had yearned to go as well.
Through hours of weary waiting we expected their return,
A gleam of smoking baccy from afar was seen to burn,
We watched the light grow brighter ; the noise of feet again
Came rolling up the darkness from the muddy Kentish lane.
And as the tramp grew louder we knew our men were saved

From the perils of the "public" they fearlessly had braved.
A thunderous crash, a groaning, a search—and there was found
The stately form of Corporal H—rt full length upon the ground.
Was his argument too much? Was it whisky? Was it beer?
Why stumbled he? Why fell he? No man shall ever hear.
He was on his feet like lightning, his eye-glass in his eye;
He scoffed at stretcher-bearers, though an ambulance was nigh.
Then—then the bugles sounded the order to retire;
We longed to be in quarters beside a blazing fire.
We marched back to the school-house right glad that all was
over;
The corporal and his comrades were soon asleep in Dover.

[First recited June 1892; place, Mess Camp, Old Deer Park, Richmond.]

The Call Dinner

'TWAS even. Round the festal board there sat
Smith and his friends, to celebrate the day
When Lincoln's Inn at last conferred on Smith
The dignity of Barrister-at-Law.
It was a snug, small party—only four.
Besides the host were Brown and Jones and eke
The Honourable Mr. Robinson.
Brown was a captain in the volunteers,
The valiant Inns of Court, and Jones upheld
The honour of art critics at the Bar,
Delighting in the Grosvenor Gallery,
While Mr. Robinson was simply just
The Honourable Mr. Robinson,
And nothing more—a man of little wit,
And all his honour in his name abode.
Smith was a lawyer, said his partial friends,
And he believed them. Veuve Cliquot flowed fast,
And good old mellow claret added grace
To the dessert, and urged the guests anon
To vent in song their gaiety of heart ;
And thus they sang of love and horrid war.
As when on nightly roofs the brindled cat
Fills earth and air with melody uncouth,
Or as when rumblings dire affright the ear
In Mongibello or in Stromboli,

So sang Brown, Jones, and Smith, and followed them
The Honourable Mr. Robinson.
Applause was none, encores were none, for each
Was sorry that the others dared to sing,
Being so unaccustomed to the art.

BROWN

“The Inns of Court are mustered,
A gallant company,
The officers are thirty,
The men are thirty-three.
The German or the Russian
He whispers in his awe,
‘If Holy Tsar or Kaiser
This brave array but saw!’
It is the noble major,
He puts them through their drill,
He says, ‘Quick march!’ but sadly
Sees twenty standing still.
‘Right turn!’ above the breezes
Is heard the major’s shout,
And twelve go left instanter,
And eighteen left about.
‘Fours right!’ whereat what wondrous
Arithmetic we see,
Some fours have five men in them,
And some have only three.
‘Charge bayonets!’ ’Tis proper
That here we draw a veil,
Enough that with good reason
The front rank men grow pale.

The German or the Russian
Goes straightway home and weeps,
“’Tis woe for us while Britain
Such brave defenders keeps.’”

[The songs of Messrs. Smith, Jones, and Robinson have been omitted, as they are not connected with the subject-matter of this volume.]

[Author : James Williams, D.C.L., LL.D., Fellow and Subrector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Published in “Briefless Ballads and Legal Lyrics,” first series (1881).]

The following five songs were written for the C.I.V., when on active service, by Major the Hon. J. R. Bailey, Grenadier Guards, then Captain and Adjutant of the regiment. The great popularity of the author, coupled with the merit of the songs, suggested to the editor that a little money might be made for some good object by getting them printed. Accordingly, when the regiment, after many wanderings, was in Pretoria for the third time, he asked, and obtained, the author's permission to publish them. A printing establishment was found, a typesetter hunted up, with the result that the editor after some difficulty, and chiefly by his own labour, got 1,500 copies turned out, with all too many misprints. They sold most readily at one shilling, and some £70 profit was made, half of which went to purchase a shelf of books for the Soldiers' Institute at Pretoria, and half to the Soldiers and Sailors' Fund.

Major Bailey also wrote several other songs after these were published, the words of which seem to have been lost for ever. There were two especially good—parodies on "Who's dat a'calling," and "So early in the morning"—but the manuscript has been mislaid, and no copy can be traced.

It may be asked why these should appear in this volume. In reply it is granted that they were neither written by, nor exclusively for, members of the Inns of Court Rifles; yet, in view of the fact that Major Bailey's other songs have been lost, the editor thinks he may claim that it is due to a member of the Devil's Own that these have been preserved; also, as a section of Mounted Infantry, the entire cyclist section, a pay sergeant, and a signaller were lent by the Devil's Own to the C.I.V., he knows that many members of the corps will be glad to have them included.

The editor would again like to thank Major Bailey for having given him permission to publish these songs in Pretoria, and for also allowing him to reproduce them here,

SONGS WRITTEN FOR THE C.I.V.

BY THE HON. J. H. R. BAILEY (CAPTAIN AND ADJUTANT)

21ST BRIGADE SONG

As we were Marching to Pretoria

AIR : "As we were Marching through Georgia"

BANG the old piano, lad, we'll have another song ;
Sing it with a vigour that will start the world along ;
Sing it as we used to sing it as we trudged along,
As we went marching to Pretoria.

Chorus.—Hurrah, hurrah for Camerons¹ brave and free !
Hurrah, hurrah for Sussex and Derby !
Hurrah for Mounted Infantry, the guns, and C.I.V. !
As we went marching to Pretoria.

Through the towns of Bloemfontein, and Lindley and Heilbron,
O'er the rivers Zand and Vaal, we gaily strolled along :
Sometimes a march, sometimes a fight, sometimes a loot—'twas wrong,
But we were marching to Pretoria.

Chorus.

¹ The 21st Brigade under General Bruce Hamilton, which formed part of General Ian Hamilton's division, consisted of the 1st Royal Sussex Regiment, the 1st Derby (Sherwood Foresters), the 1st Cameron Highlanders and the infantry battalion of the City Imperial Volunteers.

At the fight at Diamond Hill we gave the Boers some fun ;
 Then back into Pretoria, we thought our job was done,
 But no, we're trekking south again. I think we take the bun
 For rounding Boers to and from Pretoria.

Chorus.

But now we're getting old and grey, our feet are very sore ;
 Our mothers would not know the sons they loved so well before
 Our clothes are rags, our faces black, but we can still do more,
 As we are coming from Pretoria.

Chorus.

Our legs are now so weary, and we are reg'lar corks,
 Our boots are worn, our clothes are torn, from scrambling over rocks ;
 And though we've changed our generals, still we never change our socks
 As we are coming from Pretoria.

Chorus.

A Motto for Every Man

AIR: "A Motto for Every Man"

WE'VE trekked to the north, we've trekked to the south ;

We've wandered to east and west.

We've lived on half-rations, we've done without beer ;

Now which do you think it is best—

To march the whole day with a gloom on your face,

And a growl for the man on your right,

Or swing along gaily a'singing a song,

And thinking of breakfast at night ?

Chorus.—So we will sing, and banish melancholy ;

Trouble may come, we'll do the best we can

To drive care away, for grieving is a folly ;

So put your shoulder to the wheel—

Is a motto for every man.

When the Boer is sitting on top of his hill,

And you are ordered in front,

Don't envy the others who are left in the rear,

Because you are bearing the brunt.

No ! double and chance it, and trust to your luck,

And bayonet the foe if you can,

And look round the corner, not over your rock—

Is a motto for every man.

Chorus.—So we will sing and banish melancholy ;

Trouble may come, we'll do the best we can

To drive care away, for grieving is a folly ;

"If you want a thing done, why, do it yourself,"

Is a motto for every man.

When it comes to the food, and the trek ox is tough,
And the biscuits break teeth by the score,
Don't call the food "bloody," nor hammer the cook;
It's odds you won't get so much more.
No, eat what you've got just wherever you are,
And have a good time when you can;
And never you throw a biscuit away—
Is a motto for every man.

Chorus.—So we will sing and banish melancholy;
Trouble may come, we'll do the best we can
To drive care away, for grieving is a folly;
"If a thing is worth doing, why, do it your best,"
Is a motto for every man.

When the cavalry first shall enter a town,
And clear all the people of chickens,
And the M.I. come after, and sneak all the wood,
What's the poor bally infantry's pickings?
Well! gather some cow-dung, and make a poor fire,
And cook your trek ox if you can.
When the Provost is near, don't pull down a house—
Is a motto for every man.

Chorus.—So we will sing, and banish melancholy;
Trouble may come, we'll do the best we can
To drive care away, for grieving is a folly;
"It isn't much fun to go digging latrines,"¹
Is a motto for every man.

¹ A usual and useful punishment for those caught stealing wood or looting.

M.I. VERSE

The Boer is certainly wily as hell,
But the M.I. are wilier still;
They knew of one Boer a mile or two out,
So they took cover under that hill.
But take my advice, put a glass in your eye,
And then you'll discover a plan,
And tie your machine gun behind a Cape cart;
Even then you mayn't supper your man.

Chorus.—So we will sing, and banish melancholy;
Trouble may come, we'll do the best we can
To drive care away, for grieving is a folly;
“Don't put your right foot in the stirrup to mount,”
Is a motto for every man.

The Whiskers on his Chin

AIR: "Her Golden Hair was hanging down her Back."

THERE were two rulers of two States, located side by side,
And they both of them grew whiskers on their chins,
They said they'd stand together once, whatever should betide,
And their burghers, too, grew whiskers on their chins.
They wrote to Joseph Chamberlain, and used a naughty word,
They said that what he asked them for, was really too absurd,
That they'd startle all humanity, as all of us have heard;
They swore by all the whiskers on their chins.

Chorus.—Oh! Joe, now's the chance you know:

If you use your eye-glass, you can spy,
That Steyn's turned tail,
And Kruger's gone pale,
At the naughty little twinkle in your eye.

Then British Generals hurried out, as fast as ships could bring,
And they didn't grow those whiskers on their chins;
They brought out soldiers, nurses too, and many other things,
That didn't grow those whiskers on their chins.
But things went wrong, and as you know, they couldn't get along,
And people shook their heads, and said: "There must be something wrong";
And so they sent us out Lord Bobs, a man so kind and strong,
Who had got a little whisker on his chin.

Chorus.—Oh! Joe, what a change you know:

The Boers, like the devil, seemed to fly,
They trekked their level best,
But Bobs gave them little rest,
With his merry little twinkle in his eye.

Old Cronjé, first at Paardeberg, he put in quite a hole,
Yes, he got him by the whiskers on his chin;
And as he travelled further north, it happened 'pon my soul,
That we all of us grew whiskers on our chins.
We hadn't time to shave them off, we hadn't time to wait,
We came straight for Pretoria, for fear we might be late,
And, before they'd time to mount their guns, were knocking at the gate.
They'd no time to grow their whiskers on their chins.

Chorus.—Oh! Joe, what a change you know:
When Botha, to this city said good-bye,
But still, you may bet,
We haven't caught De Wet;
But they'll join in St. Helena by-and-by.

In Europe soon, perhaps, you'll meet a pair of aged wights,
Who have shaved the tell-tale whiskers from their chins;
While here you meet our soldiers, whom you'd hardly like at nights,
With a varied crop of whiskers on their chins.
Thus countries change, and soldiers too, and still the world goes round,
And British soldiers fight, to die, wherever they are found;
And young ones come to take their place, as good I will be bound,
Although they can't grow whiskers on their chins.

Chorus.—Oh! Joe, please to let us know,
When to this sweet spot we'll say good-bye;
Let's leave the lot to Schreiner,
And ship us off to China,¹
And Kruger off to Tussaud's or the sky.

¹ At the time this was written the Chinese Expedition to relieve the Legations was being organised.

A chap came on the boat with me to put the doctors right,
He'd got a little whisker on his chin,
He thought he'd turn an honest brown, and to the *Times* would write ;
Because sick men had whiskers on their chins.
He did himself just slap upright, and bought a team of mules,
He lunched with doctors, drank their wine, and now he calls them fools ;
He got this poor commission sent, and when sitting on their stools
They cuss the man with whiskers on his chin.

Chorus.—Oh ! Joe, a man like you must know,
The truth has very often proved a lie,
And men may like to shout ;
But there's lots of fools about,
And if you want to soldier, come and try.

He takes a lot of beating, does a Soldier

AIR: "He takes a lot of beating, does a Soldier."

WHEN I make the proposition, you will probably agree,
That he takes a lot of beating, does a soldier;
For in love as well as war—why, it's his nature, don't you see,
Cos he takes a lot of beating, does a soldier.
At the campfire or at home, he is the boy to sing and shout,
And what the ladies think of him is quite beyond a doubt,—
But when it comes to fighting, and the bullets fly about,
Well, he takes a lot of beating, does a soldier.

Chorus.—Hurrah for the Englishmen! Hurrah for the Scot!
Hurrah for the C.I.V., and all the bally lot.
'Tis the boys who love the girls that send the enemy to pot,
Cos he takes a lot of beating, does a soldier.

There is a chap called Newton, of London, now Lord Mayor,
Who thought he'd like to make a British soldier;
When Kruger played the giddy goat, and Steyn, he didn't care
A damn for any blooming British soldier.
So he issued proclamations, and we to the City ran,
He told us what he meant to do, and all his little plan,
They fed us up with food and drink, and then the trek began,
In pursuit of many another British soldier.

Chorus.

On the day we left the Mansion House, with clothes so spick and span,
 We guessed that we were altogether soldier ;
 And we thought that we were better then than any other man,
 And as good as any other British soldier.
 We thought a jolly picnic was the work we had in store—
 Just march in to Johannesburg, Pretoria, and more—
 A pleasant journey home again ; but, what an awful bore !
 We're sold like many another British soldier.

Chorus.

Old Kruger said this C.I.V. do shoot so horrid straight ;
 I don't like him like other British soldiers ;
 So I'll hurry back to Lydenburg, or perhaps I may be late,
 And be scuppered by these voluntary soldiers.
 He didn't stand at Doornkop, no, nor yet at Diamond Hill,
 He didn't hold Pretoria—he legged it with a will ;
 And the sort of fighting now he does, it almost makes me ill,
 Because he funks the bayonets of the British soldiers.

Chorus.

This regiment now has done its share of fighting and of work ;
 They've done their share with every British soldier ;
 And they've always done it cheerfully, and never tried to shirk,
 Which is typical of every British soldier.
 But still we all are ready for what else there is to do ;
 We'll trace De Wet or Delarey, and Grobler too pursue ;
 Or we'll wander back to London, just the guns and me and you,
 And we'll drink a mug of beer with any soldier.

Chorus.

¹ Every man in the C.I.V. was a marksman.

Work, Boys, Work

AIR : "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," etc.

WHEN you're off upon a march, feeling just like watered starch,
And your breakfast was perhaps one cup of tea,
And your mess-tin's full of meat that is scarcely fit to eat,
And you've several miles to go before you're free,
Grouse, grouse, grouse, but eat your dinner,
Who knows? Perhaps it is your only meal;
We will soon be back in town, where we'll put some liquor down,
If you only put your shoulder to the wheel.

When you've done your eighteen mile in your good old Doornkop style,
And you never were so weary in your life,
Then you hear a pom-pom fired, you forget that you are tired,
And extend to fifteen paces like a knife.
Shoot, boys, shoot, and keep extended,
The Boer's there, although you cannot see;
When the first line's taken cover then I want to see another
Start the same as you have learnt it all from me.

Yes, there are lots of other corps, you might almost say there's scores,²
Who are sitting on their haunches nice and still,

¹ Our adjutant (the author) took infinite pains to teach us how to take cover.

A popular fallacy that the C.I.V. were trekking when other regiments were enjoying garrison duty without having covered so much distance.

While we're trekking day by day, hoping still some debt to pay
To the blooming Boer upon his blooming hill.
March, boys, march, and be contented,
There still may be a lot for us to do ;
And when we're home once more, there is lots of fun in store ;
There's a good time coming soon for me and you.

When you are drilling on parade, I don't wonder you're afraid,
With the adjutant a-standing by your side ;
But in England all your pards, will class you with the Guards,¹
Which will fill your bosom full of martial pride.
Drill, drill, drill, look out for "cover,"
Just lie down flat, your noses on the ground,
And you may be *wondrous clever*,² but in future there will *never*
Such a regiment as the C.I.V. be found.

At *reveillé*, when you hear, in a voice so soft and clear,
"Sick parade at once, please," you will beg,
For just five minutes more, but the colour's word is law ;
And you hear a raucous voice say "show a leg."³
Then stow your kit upon the waggon,
And mind it don't contain a pot of jam,
Or Capt. Orr⁴ will come, and he'll look so awful glum.
In the guard-room, after, you will mutter d——n.

¹ Many of the C.I.V. staff were Guardsmen.

² In allusion to a song which was sung by some members of the Artists R. V.C. having these words in the chorus.

³ The colour-sergeant of "A" Company, an excellent and kindly fellow, had a particularly strident voice, and considering it his duty, his habit was immediately on *reveillé* sounding, to go round his Company shouting : "Now then, 'A,' Company, show a leg."

⁴ Transport Officer to the C.I.V.

When at last you get to bed, with a stone beneath your head,
And your clothes are in the morning soaked with dew,
And you haven't time to write, and your best girl's in a fright,
Wondering when on earth she next will hear from you.
Sleep, boys, sleep, forget all sorrow,
You're soldiers, so there's nothing to be said,
When at last we do get home, and that welcome time shall come,
We'll sleep 'twixt sheets and blankets in a bed.

We soon again shall be, sailing quickly o'er the sea,
To England, home, and duty, and the gals;
And the time will soon be o'er, when this regiment is no more,
But don't forget, though parted, we're still pals.
Then cheer, boys, cheer, when war is over,
Remember all the places you have seen,
And wherever you may be, think! you're still a C.I.V.
So cheer the old battalion and the Queen.

Oh! wasn't it different then?

WHEN I first put my volunteer uniform on,
My buttons were burnished, my silver lace shone,
I learned to march past in a beautiful line,
Twice a week in a hall, from eight until nine,
Till a burning desire to meet Kruger made me
Enlist in the corps which was called C.I.V.,
And in less than three weeks I was crossing the Bay
With my heart in my mouth, and my liver astray.
Oh! wasn't it different then? Oh! wasn't it different then?
Of physical drill I had more than my fill,
And they made me do sentry go when
I wanted to seek in repose
A solace for some of my woes,
And how I was tossed, oh,
That vile *Ariosto*!
Oh! wasn't it different then?

Chorus.—Oh! wasn't it different then? etc.

At Green Point I camped in the sand for some days,
Then took the train north, and by devious ways
Got to Zoutpan, where infantry lived in the trenches,
While cyclists philandered with chocolate wenches.
Then I trekked to the Transvaal through mud, and through dust,
And I grouched all the way, while the officers cursed

Whenever I wanted to fall out, and rest,
And investigate things that crawled under my vest.
Oh ! wasn't it different then ? Oh ! wasn't it different then ?
I joined a new league called the ration fatigue,
Composed of a number of men,
Whose habit it was to explain.
Sergeants said things that were vain—
And were interviewed daily
By Adjutant Bailey.
And wasn't it different then ?

Chorus.—Oh ! wasn't it different then ? etc.

At Doornkop some hairy and truculent folk
Most unfairly used powder without any smoke,
And they didn't form square nor stand up in a line,
And the range wasn't marked, so I had to judge mine ;
They fired rifles and pom-poms to such an extent,
That I really felt sorry that ever I went
To encounter a foe, whom I never could see,
And who pointed each weapon directly at me.
Oh ! wasn't it different then ? Oh ! wasn't it different then ?
What with shot, and with shell, I felt almost unwell,
And I thought it was just about ten
To one I'd get hit in the face,
If ever I rose from the place,
Where I'd dropped like a shot
When the fire became hot.
Oh ! wasn't it different then ?

Chorus.—Oh ! wasn't it different then ? etc.

And now I've got back, and I ought, I suppose,
To rejoice that I'm wearing civilian clothes;
But I don't, and I'm hoping that some day again
I may shoulder a rifle, and trudge through the rain.
I'm not fond of goat meat that kicks while it's cooking,
And I'd sooner ablate when there's nobody looking;
But away with such trifles, and let's recollect
Only the friendships we formed when we trekked.

Oh! wasn't it different then? Oh! wasn't it different then?
'Twas the best of good jobs, when we fought under Bobs,
And were leading the life of live men.
Here's a health to the old C.I.V.,
To the officers, non-coms., and me,
And if the call comes
We'll march straight to the drums,
And we shan't feel so different then.

Chorus.—Oh! wasn't it different then? etc.

[First sung at "F" Company C.I.V. second Annual Dinner, January 20th, 1904.]

[A short excuse is needed for publishing the two following prose pieces in a book of verse. Here it is. I have included them "by request," well knowing that some of the older members of the corps will be glad to meet them once more.—ED.]

"Under Canvas"

WHEN I first became a volunteer I was, of course, a full private. I have often tried to find a private that was not quite filled, but never succeeded. I was not proud of my appearance, because my tunic was too large for me, and, owing to some mistake, I had got a pair of gaiters, each of which was meant for the right leg, so that all my buttons looked the same way, and I felt inclined to walk like a crab. When I first came out into the street several small boys insisted on marching behind me, and saying: "Go on, colonel," though they must have known I had no pretensions to that rank. Nearly all the boys I met seemed to take a great interest in me, and quite a number of them puzzled me by asking whether I had shot a dog, and, if so, what I had done with the body.

Not long after I joined the corps, the time came for our annual Easter march, and I came on parade full of pride—not, as I have explained before, on account of my personal appearance, though indeed my gaiters had been changed—but because of the workmanlike way in which I had arranged my kit. I had always understood that the true soldier, though he should manage never to be without the necessities, and even the comforts of life, should nevertheless burden the transport as little as possible; and it had occurred to me that, as my tunic *was* too large, I might put several things into it which would have swollen out my kit to unmilitary dimensions. It contained, therefore, two clean

shirts, four collars, three pairs of socks, a tin of blacking, and a pair of carpet slippers; while into each of my gaiters I had managed to squeeze four pocket handkerchiefs, and a mustard plaster, which I intended to place on my chest in case I should get a chill when sleeping under canvas.

I must admit I had not realised the power of mustard when I made the last arrangement. It came through my pocket handkerchiefs; it came through my trousers, first with a tickle, then with a creep, then with a sting, then with a—oh! I asked leave to fall out, crept in agony behind a hedge, dug a hole with the point of my bayonet, and buried the treacherous thing for ever.

Another invention of mine, which did not turn out well, was my brozzo-razor. The idea was good. It was a razor at one end and a hair-brush at the other, and you could fold up the razor into the hair-brush in the most compact manner possible. But I found when I shaved that the hair-brush tickled my throat, and when I brushed my hair that the razor made little cuts in my neck and ears. I could not stand it after the first morning, and I buried that too.

We slept in a tent. I had fervently hoped to have little men with me; but, with my usual luck, I got four great brutes, not one of them less than two yards long. They agreed, that if they slept with their feet in the middle they would kick one another, so they arranged themselves like the limbs of a fan, all converging on to me. I never slept a wink all night, but I should have got a forty winks in the early morning, if it had not been for a silly trick one of my companions, whose name was Tomlinson, thought it amusing to play on me. You must understand that I had dispensed with the necessity for a nightcap, by running a cord round the waist of my undress trousers. By tightening the cord I could make the trousers fit my head, and I then trained the legs up the side of the tent behind me like a couple of gigantic creepers. On this occasion, just as I was going off to sleep, Tomlinson poured a jug of water down one of the legs. I had my revenge next day, by mixing a quarter of an ounce of blacking with his soup when

he was not looking; but he gulped it down without winking, and never seemed to notice it.

Tomlinson was chiefly remarkable in connection with the bayonet exercise. There are people to whom doing the bayonet exercise comes as easily as sucking eggs does to a grandmother. Tomlinson was not one of these. He had acquired the art slowly and painfully, and after many anxious hours with Sergeant Chinstrap. In the end he learnt it—but with one limitation of a kind that many people experience in regard to the alphabet—he could not go on at all unless he began at the very beginning. More than that—having once begun, he could not stop till he had come to the very end. I was very glad to hear on our second night in camp that Tomlinson had been chosen for sentry duty, for in his absence I thought I might reasonably expect a good sleep. I went to see the guard paraded. They were warned, amongst other things, to keep off cattle and trespassers.

"What are we to do if a trespasser won't go?" asked Tomlinson.

"Give him a prick with your bayonet," said the officer in command.

Tomlinson said nothing, but his eye gleamed.

"Hullo, you chaps," said the officer, who had not done much soldiering, and generally gave his commands in colloquial English; "we're a man short," and—was there ever such luck?—they seized on me. I felt it was not playing the game, and I made up my mind in return to do what I could to make the duty less irksome.

When I turned out for my watch my tunic contained a blanket, besides a flask of whisky, two cigars, and matches; and when I received my orders to march up and down in a smart and soldierly manner I was glad that no reply was necessary. Still, my sense of duty did not desert me. Any one else who had a blanket with him would, when left alone, have lain down and deliberately gone to sleep. I was not so blind to my duty. I remembered I was a soldier of the Queen—and I merely sat—I did not attempt to march up and down—but, on the other hand, I had no intention of going to sleep. If I had, as I explained afterwards, why have brought cigars? But, somehow or

other, go to sleep I did. How it came to pass that, having gone to sleep, I began to march, I do not know; but the fact is certain that I did march—possibly in a smart and soldier-like manner—on to Tomlinson’s ground, for when I next recovered my waking consciousness I discovered that I was on my back, and Tomlinson, who evidently did not recognise me in my blanket, was close to me fixing his bayonet. I turned pale with horror, and when he said: “Who goes there?” I could not say a word. While he got ready I said: “Twice two are four; How doth the little busy bee; A, B, C, D, E, F, G; Mary had a little lamb”; but I could not for the life of me explain matters till after Tomlinson had run me through the arm. He said he was very sorry—when he found out who it was—that he had not recognised me at first, and that he had not been able to stop in the middle; but I really think it was very stupid of him.

That was the end of my volunteering. I now have a nice com-modious tunic for sale, if any one wants one.

[First recited Ashford, Easter 1885.]

Lance-Corporal Wiggins

LANCE-CORPORAL WIGGINS was only saved from looking exactly like a sheep by the fact that he also bore some faint resemblance to a man. He was—to tell the truth—quite unlike any other tangible creature that moves under heaven—perhaps he might be best classified as a “lance-corporal hereditament.” He enjoyed the probably unique distinction of having joined the corps by mistake. While in an extra hazy condition of mind which the tactical skill of the adjutant at once perceived and fostered, Wiggins was successfully led through the necessary ceremonies of signing papers and taking oaths under the impression that he was recording his vote for the Conservative candidate at the General Election. At the conclusion of the ceremony Wiggins took another oath by himself; it was prolonged and earnest, and contained more than one allusion to the adjutant.

When Wiggins joined he was a very raw recruit. Even now, though he has attained the rank of lance-corporal, he is a trifle underdone; but, thanks to the instructions of the sergeant-major, and still more to the information volunteered him by some of the less competent members of the corps, Wiggins soon learnt a good many things of which he was previously unaware. Wiggins's first drill was anticipated by him with feelings of some anxiety. Sergeant-Major Chinstrap was a stern, irresponsive, inscrutable sort of sergeant-major. When Wiggins went to present himself as a candidate for instruction, he could not help thinking Chinstrap might have said “Good morning,” or made one of the many other little remarks which indicate a friendly spirit. All the sergeant-major did do was to give a little nod which expressed, as it appeared to Wiggins, strong covert hostility, and march straight off

to the drill hall—Wiggins, though dimly aware it was ridiculous, keeping close behind him in step. Arrived at the drill hall, the sergeant-major stood immovable as a statue in the centre of the room, and looked about as expressive as a piece of pavement. Wiggins took up a sort of echelon position with regard to him at a few yards' distance, wearing the kindly smile of a man prepared to tolerate any absurdity.

"Squad!" said the sergeant-major.

"Yes," said Wiggins.

"Attention!" said the sergeant-major.

Wiggins convulsively stiffened all his muscles and felt like the Duke of Wellington.

The sergeant-major explained that, although there was nothing about it in the Red Book, in his own opinion it looked better to keep the mouth closed, or nearly so, and the right shoulder as far as possible at the same level as the left, and that the soldier never thrust out his stomach a long way in front of him unless it might be in play. Wiggins accepted these criticisms as a pure piece of parade-ground pedantry, and secretly made up his mind to revert to his original position the first time the public eye should be upon him in Hyde Park.

At this point the sergeant-major was unexpectedly called away, and Private Rounders, who happened to be in the drill hall at the time, politely offered to continue Wiggins's instruction during the sergeant's absence. Wiggins, who was now warming to the work, gratefully accepted. Rounders explained that the first, and most important thing to be learnt was how properly to salute officers, since failure in this respect entailed most unpleasant consequences—the guard-room being cold and scantily furnished, and the bread and water quite detestable. Wiggins, as eagerly as a large lump in his throat would allow him, expressed his anxiety to learn at once. Rounders therefore proceeded: "Right-hand salute. Raise the right hand smartly to the level of the nose, thumb towards the face, little finger pointed in the direction of the officer; close the right eye for two

beats of quick time, at the same time allowing a smile of recognition to pass lightly across the face ; remark in an audible voice : 'All's well,' and return the right hand smartly but noiselessly to the side."

"Now then, stand at ease!" said Rounders.

Wiggins confessed his ignorance of how to proceed.

"All right, we'll do it by numbers first," said Rounders. "Standing at ease by numbers. At the word 'one' unclasp the belt and throw open the tunic, undoing two or more buttons of the trousers according to the number of spectators present; at the word 'two,' right files turn to the right and left files to the left, placing back to back, so as to afford a mutual support; at the word 'three,' for drill purposes left files go through the motions of drawing a flask from the pocket and applying it to the mouth; right files allow time for half emptying the flask, and then tap the left files under the ribs in a smart and soldier-like manner, exclaiming 'Pass, friend.' Left files hand the flask to right files, and all become odd files till the word 'Attention' is given."

"It doesn't come quite in this part of the manual," went on Rounders, "but it is very important to know how to fix bayonets. You can get a rifle and bayonet from the armoury and practise in your own room." At the command "Fix bayonets," draw the bayonet smartly from the scabbard and drive it firmly and securely into the ground, at the same time looking to the right or left, according to the position of the officer, to make sure that your action is unobserved. Then spring to attention and stand erect, being careful to preserve an absolute silence, whatever remonstrance may be addressed to you."

"Now," proceeded Rounders, "if you will carefully bear in mind what I have taught you, you will find yourself quite qualified to start with us to-morrow for the Easter march; and as I am extremely anxious you should come, I will borrow a uniform for you which I am sure will fit. Let me impress upon you, however, the importance of never standing stupidly still when you hear a word of command which is not familiar to you; the best course under the circumstances is to

perform one or more of the movements I have taught you, so as to show that you are acquainted with some of your drill, though not, it may be, with the particular part at the moment alluded to."

The parade next day, held previously to departure for the Easter march, was signalised by an occurrence which created a feeling bordering upon excitement among the corps. On the command, "For manual exercise—shoulder arms," Private Wiggins, becoming suddenly evident among the folds of a gigantic uniform, tore open his tunic, and thrust his bayonet through the foot of Private Block, who had the misfortune to be standing on his immediate left. Only Rounders understood that Wiggins had fixed his bayonet, and was standing at ease by numbers. Amongst the other members of the corps, and noticeably in the case of Private Block, who was securely nailed to the parade-ground, it was obvious that a certain feeling was springing up against Wiggins. The Commanding Officer, hastening forward in horror to ascertain what had occurred, was arrested point blank by the action of Wiggins, who putting his thumb to his nose with a wink and a smile full of confidential slyness declared in tones, loud but entirely reassuring, "All's well." Wiggins had certainly the merit of courage, for when, as was inevitable, he was arrested and walked off to be court-martialled, he marched in his best Duke of Wellington style, preserved an absolute silence, and never lost heart, though his heart was in his mouth, and his mouth was wide open. When affairs were duly explained, Wiggins was very leniently dealt with, but it was not until quite six months after his unfortunate blunder that he received his first step towards the command of his regiment.

[First Recited, Old Deer Park, Richmond, 1885.]

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